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Connecticut College

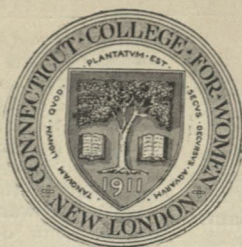
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OPEN FORUM DISCUSSED

Dr. Coleman Speaks At Convocation

At Convocation, April 13,—Connecticut College students listened to a very interesting lecture by Mr. George W. Coleman, the founder of the Sunday-evening Open-Forum meetings in Boston.

As early as 1908, Mr. Coleman realized the need in our communities of a common meeting place where questions of every order could be discussed and understood by all. So much of our labor unrest in this country is brought about by the widespread propaganda of the Bolsheviks,—their insidious doctrine would never gain such a foothold, except for the fact of the unshared discontent and ignorance on the part of the laboring man of other remedial views.

Backed by the strength of his convictions, his first attempt to put his theory to practice, was made at Lord Hall in Boston. Although his first Sunday meeting had only a small attendance of about a hundred and fifty people, he was not discouraged but worked up interest-catching programs and the following year had the hall crowded to its utmost capacity.

His humorous account of overcoming the prejudice of the public to being caught in "a religious trap"—besides many vivid pictures and anecdotes of his later meetings, added immensely to the enjoyment of the lecture.

HOW SERIOUS IS LIFE?

Life, for many of us, seems to be a very serious affair and well it may, when the world is full of Socialism and Christian Science, Bolshevism and the H. C. of L., vers libre and Psychoanalysis, the labor problem and the growth of the movie industry, not to mention spiritualism and the shortage of sugar. Some of us believe that the world may be saved by following the red flag, and others of us think that the human race might be rebuilt by breathing exercises morning and night.

To follow a normal course amid this welter of theories and movements, parties and "isms" of sundry and various kinds, a sense of proportion is the only possible rudder, and, for our sense of proportion, we common people have always been dependent on our satirists and humorists. Standing first among our present day humorists is Stephen Leacock, author of "Nonsense Novels," "Frenzied Fiction," etc., and Mr. Leacock, who is said to be even more charming as a speaker than he is a writer, is to speak in New London under the auspices of the Woman's Club. Tickets may be bought from Jessie Bigelow. Here is a chance for us all to find out how really delightfully ridiculous life is—and literature, for Leacock is a man with vision and humor enough to know that our mountains are but mole-hills even if to us they seem enormous!

LIBRARY STAFF TEA

On Wednesday afternoon, April 16th, the dietetics lecture-room in New London Hall, cheerfully gay with pussy willows and tall yellow candles was the scene of an informal tea given by the Library Staff for the Endowment Fund. Appetizing home-made cakes and crullers and salted peanuts were on sale, and during the afternoon attracted streams of hungry girls to the room in the period between classes. The good things in fact were all sold long before the hour on which the tea was supposed to end, and late-comers had to swallow their disappointment in a lemon-less cup of tea. Miss Turner, to whom a large share of the success of the affair is due, Mrs. Wessel, Miss Rector and Mrs. Noel, served. Miss Southworth's aid in the "kitchen" was much appreciated by the Staff. A generous sum for the Fund was realized from the tea.

INTER-RACIAL EXHIBIT

On Thursday the sixth of May all the inhabitants of greater New London who are interested in civic life are cordially invited to come to the court house and learn the talents of our foreign citizens. A speaker from out of town is to give an address, and the foreign-born New Londoners are to present the songs and dances of many different countries. Those who have not investigated the matter perhaps do not realize the immense amount of real talent which is allowed to lie dormant. In their characteristic dances and songs the foreigners will attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of their native countries, to show us the conditions from which they came.

On the seventh, eighth and ninth of May at the Rendezvous the exhibition of the handicrafts of these foreigners will take place. Linens, laces, jewelry, paintings, newspapers, etc. are to be displayed.

The object of this inter-racial exhibit is to bind together more closely all the inhabitants of New London; to show the native-born American what the foreigner can and does do and from what he has come; to show the Italian what the Irish can do and the

(Continued on Page 3, col. 1)

COME!

WHERE?—Plant House Reception Room.

WHEN?—Friday afternoon, April 23.

WHAT?—Tea! Cake! Candy! served by the Seniors.

WHY?—For the Connecticut College Endowment Fund.

Come! Here is your chance to help your college and give, if you have not already had the opportunity to do so. Even if you have, surely you have not given all that you possibly can. And besides, you want to help the Seniors. They desire the support of every one and let's not disappoint them. Miss Sherer, Mademoiselle Ernst and Dean Nye will pour tea. Come and enjoy a social time and partake of the food which the Seniors offer and in so doing cooperate with them in swelling the Endowment Fund.

DOROTHY GREGSON ELECTED

The presidency of Student Government for the year 1920-1921 will be in the able hands of Dorothy Gregson. Miss Gregson has amply demonstrated her capability both along executive lines and others. She was the first president of her class, has been on the Student Council for three years, is at present acting president of the Service League and has played on athletic teams. Her versatility has manifested itself in both musical and artistic ways also, for she is leader of the Mandolin Club, and is a most successful member of our Art department as is shown by her having won, last June, the Jane Bill Prize for excellence in design.

Miss Gregson is also one of the most popular members of the Junior class, and will have back of her the support of the whole college.

MUSICAL COMEDY

The rehearsals for "O Aladdin" have been going on at a terrific rate. The cast and the management are doing their utmost to have the first performance a success. And, indeed, it promises to high and above the comedy of last year. The songs are so tuneful and catchy that whoever hears them will thereafter be whistling the airs. The choruses are bright and they introduce something novel in the way of dance steps.

Everyone is urged to attend the Norwich performance, April 30th, at Slater Hall. After the Juniors and Seniors are seated at the May performance only two hundred seats will be open to the public. This includes, of course, patrons and patronesses and downtown people. So here is a good chance for a good seat at the performance of the comedy with plenty of merry-making and fun to insure a lively trip. A special car at 6:55 will take the students straight to the hall. Order your seats early because Norwich after one taste of Connecticut College's Comedy, is turning out in full force for this one.

NEWS CONFERENCE HELD AT RADCLIFFE

Three members of the Staff, Dora Schwartz, Barbara Ashenden, and Fanchon Hartman, represented Connecticut College News at the Conference of News Weeklies which was held at Radcliffe College on April 10.

SPRING SPORTS

Spring Sports began Monday, April 19. No one need complain of monotony in gym, for she may take baseball, basketball (outdoor), cricket, cross-country, tennis, track, volleyball, or, if she be one of the feeble ones, croquet. Everyone will be glad to get out-doors once more.

COLLEGE SONG CONTEST

Contributions of the Freshman Class

The all-college contest for a college song was opened last Thursday night when the Freshman took over a community sing and interspersed the usual program with some very fine songs,—class as well as college. In white middie and dark skirts, they made a splendid showing, occupying one half of the seats on the main floor, of the Gym. The singing was spirited and well led by Elizabeth Moyle and Leslie Alderman, cheer leaders of 1923. Three songs to Connecticut College as Our Alma Mater were presented as follows. Each met with hearty approval on the part of the audience.

First: Words by Marion Page
Tune: "Cheer For Old Amherst"
Girls are we of the college by the sea,
Our own Alma Mater true;
Let us raise our voices high
As we sing of the white and blue.
We will fight for thy glory and thy might
In our work and play each day,
Till thy fame shall spread thru every land
And thy name shall be honored for aye

Chorus
So here's to our college C. C., so dear
Under her colors we'll never fear;

(Continued on Page 4, col. 3)

1921 LEAGUE PRESIDENT

The successful candidate for the office of President of the Service League was announced on Tuesday, April 20. The college congratulates Evelene Taylor on her new office. Miss Taylor is a member of the class of 1921. She is at present vice-president of the League, and has done a great deal of work in the Americanization Department.

At a meeting of the League held April 15 for the purpose of voting—it will be remembered that two mass meetings were held previous to this meeting for discussion—the proposed Preamble to the Constitution was rejected. The members accepted the following amendment to the Constitution.

ARTICLE 8. International Department.
Section 1.

The International Chairman shall be a member of the Executive Committee and of the Cabinet.

Section 2.

Her work shall be to present to the Cabinet for consideration any international questions of interest to the League. The Cabinet shall recommend to the League lines of work to be adopted and the League shall vote upon them.

Section 3.

The International Department shall take up the work not of one sect only, but of all sects.

Section 4.

The duties of the International Chairman shall develop in proportion to the membership of the League and the demand for work of this character.

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Wednesday throughout the college year, from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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WHEREIN THE NEWS PRESENTS A PLAN

Many issues ago there was an editorial written concerning the changing of the News Staff after Spring vacation—if you don't remember the points mentioned and the reasons why the suggestion was made look it up in the issue of _____ and it will save repetition. Of course several weeks have passed since Spring vacation, but there is yet time for a new staff to start in.

The next issue will be brought out by both old and new boards, and if the plan works out successfully the board will change regularly in the spring. With the enthusiasm and new ideas of the incoming board, the next issue should break all records and as for the succeeding issues—just read and see for yourself.

Hereafter the News will come out on Thursday instead of Wednesday.

THE FLIRT

Some people thought that Laurie Louise had been disappointed in love; others that she was disappointed because she had never had the right kind of a chance even to be disappointed in love, and still others were sure that she was a born man-hater. Laurie Louise herself never said what she thought about it. That was the rub.

If a naturally sympathetic and genial nature, utterly free from the petty jealousies that so often make women distrust each other, Laurie, new in the neighborhood of Sugden as she was, was a favorite among those of her own sex. But there were two things that no woman could quite forgive her; her stunning good looks, and her impenetrable reserve whenever conversation turned to personal intimacies and confidences. The more suspicious of her friends raised their eyes in a way that intimated that they were positive that her past had not been what it might have been; the more generous of them wondered at her indifference to all young Apollos, but accepted it as a *prima facie* argument for its existence.

To the conventional feminine mind, to refuse a proposal of marriage was one thing; to prevent prospective suitors from calling was another, but so far as Laurie was concerned both were obviously in the same category. Harry Belden, a happy combination of ancient Greek god and 20th century cinema star, had been the first to find this out, to his eternal chagrin and undying confusion. He, the most longed-for catch of all the flappers in town had been left standing on the church steps, twirling his cap like a gawky school-boy, after Laurie Louise had told him emphatically that he might not see her home.

Arthur McKinley, the richest man in Sugden, had offered innumerable floral tributes on the altar of Eros but to no effect. Laurie would have none of him.

Howard Clancy, a misogynist from the days when he had ungallantly thrown mud-cakes at pinafores, strens, had more than once arranged himself picturesquely over Laurie's front gate, but had received no invitation from the lady of his heart to come farther. His attention had perforce been centered in the horticultural exhibit in the yard, and Laurie had unconcernedly let it stay there.

Some of the less discreet flappers said that such a girl had no business in a town where the young men's fancy turned to love only when she was the object of its concern. If she would marry one of them and give the others a chance to marry some one else,—there would be no objection to her as a citizen in Sugden. As it was the sweet young things had their own opinion as to what should be done with Bolsheviks, I. W. W.'s and Laurie. It had apparently never occurred to anyone that Laurie, in her repulsion of the masculine order, might be overcoming a threatened tendency on her own part toward incorrigible flirtation. No one guessed that a certain man named Jack, in the town from which she had come, had bet this charming young lady that there was not a place under the sun where she could live for six months without being proposed to. No one had an inkling as to her purpose in renting a tiny cottage for the spring and summer months in this conservative old town. Here, of all places, it seemed probable that she would win her bet.

On a "rare day in June," Laurie, apparently more unconcerned as to matrimony than any of her sex ever has a right to be, reflected upon this probability with satisfaction.

"What a joy it is to be free now and for all future time," she thought as she galloped on her favorite horse, Betsey, along Sugden's picturesque, res-

idential streets. As she let Betsey trot briskly down the elm-arched highway, pansy-beds, rose arbors, mossy terraces, syringa blooms, and the vivid walls of the old-fashioned houses claimed her attention.

As the possession of a beautiful girl in smart riding togs, Laurie Louise Heatherby was a name to be conjured with. The conjurer appeared. An ugly little speed demon flashed into sight, Betsey unused to anything in her quiet environment but staid, eight cylinder limousines, shied badly. Her rider, unprepared for any such demonstration of spirit, slid into a stony ditch.

According to custom the hero should have leaped from his car, cursed himself unsparingly and lifted the unconscious heroine tenderly in his arms. After lingering there for deliciously long time (as long as she dared), her slow-returning consciousness would have prompted her to open her great blue eyes and gaze into his great brown ones. Omitting a few details, the story would have ended, "and they lived happily ever afterwards."

Contrary to all the rules of the game, Laurie Louise, white and wobbly but thoroughly independent, pulled herself slowly to her feet and turned sharply on her would-be-rescuer.

"Can't you read? Don't you know that the sign says that automobiles are to slow down to fifteen miles an hour in this town?" she challenged.

"Sure and twas the beauty of you riding on such a baste that blounded me of everything else," was the unexpected answer.

"Oh, you, you BARNNEY," Laurie stormed but her lips curled with mischief. "If you will be so kind as to get my horse for me," she motioned to Betsey who was taking gastronomical delight in a neighboring grass plot. "I shall continue my ride."

"Anything that Patrick O'Harrihan can do for ye." The pride of Cork county lately arrived in Sugden led Betsey to her mistress.

"Tis sorry that O'll be 'til the day Oi meet the saints in Heaven that Oi've caused ye all this throuble," said Patrick lifting Laurie to the saddle. With a smile that was a gift from the gods he was gone in the speed demon; this time more slowly than before.

"It will be a long time before he sees the saints in Heaven," Laurie confided to Betsey as they trotted around the corner.

That night a neighbor called on Miss Heatherby to explain that a wonderful looking Irishman. Patrick O'Harrihan, had bought the house next door, and that it was rumored by some of the young ladies of the village who had heard of him before, that he was the most bewitching heartbreaker ever produced in that country of ardent lovers, Ireland. If this news were of interest to her, Laurie did not betray it at the time, but that night Jack's picture learned that she might lose her bet if she and Patrick O'Harrihan remained together long in the same neighborhood.

The next morning Laurie, ravishing in blue overalls and broad-brimmed garden hat, went out to do her daily stint with lettuce and radishes, only to come to attention with her hoe at an impromptu rendition of "Kathleen Mavourneen."

"The top o' the morning to ye," Patrick leaped over the boundary-fence without consulting the trespassing sign on the owner's face. "Is it quite well ye are after tumblin' into the ditch?" he inquired politely.

"Quite well, thank you." A great hoeful of perfectly good vegetables was thrown on the weed-pile.

"Tis destroyin' yer garden that ye are." Patrick unceremoniously reached for the hoe, Laurie failed to relinquish it.

"If you don't go home I'll have to set my dog on you." Laurie's voice was as detached as though she had been wishing an unwelcome peddler "good-morning." A smart shove with the hoe sent her guest sprawling into the weed-pile with the vegetables conspicuous on top. The gardener went on with her work. Patrick made no effort to dodge the radishes, lettuce, chickweed and parsley that fell on him regardless of such points of delicacy as white duck trousers and clean Oxford's.

"Was it farmerette that ye were,—are, in the war?"

No answer.

"Tis a pretty bit of a place that ye have here."

No answer.

"I'm thinkin' I'll be afther takin' ye ridin' to-night when the moon is a winkin' at the stars, and the trees are whisperin' the things they don't say in the mornin'—"

"Go home." Patrick O'Harrihan lately from the land of the Shamrock, went. A shred of torn white duck was all that was left of him on strictly feminine premises.

"Oh, Jack, you're winning," Laurie's hoe fell into the weed pile.

Patrick did not come that night but there was other nights when he did come. It was rumored that at last Laurie Louise was falling in love.

Then there came a night that belonged to no one in the world but Cupid and his victims. The trees weren't simply whispering the things that they don't say in the daytime, but were talking out loud. The moon winked, smiled, beckoned to stars and planets alike. Even the flowers in going to sleep seemed to nod toward each other. The ugly little speed demon instead of rattling and snorting as usual, purred, cooed, hummed. Fireflies, like flashes of bog-fire in a foggy morass, trailed their little lights intermittently through the evening mist. It was a night of love-madness late in August. Patrick, a matchless Irish lover and Laurie Louise, a susceptible pretty girl, both knew it as they stepped into the little roadster.

"What are ye listenin' to?" asked Patrick, shifting brakes with graceful dexterity that allowed him to use his left arm for more agreeable purposes.

"Oh, to—things," was Laurie's non-committal answer, but she made no effort to prevent him from employing his free arm in any other way than he was doing.

"I'll tell ye what it is. 'Tis the song of me heart a-singin' over and over, I love ye.' 'Twill never be still but will always be tellin' ye the same thing. Ye may think it's the sound of the birds chirpin' good-night, or the call of some lonesome creature in the woods, or the fallin' of the brook over the stones, but ye're wrong. It's the songs of me love for ye, Laurie Louise."

"But, Patrick, to-morrow my six months will be up. Please wait until," —Laurie sounded mildly distressed.

"Oh, me darlin', I've been waitin' for ye to marry me since before the first flower blossomed in your garden of Aiden, and I've been thinkin' of the Jack you told me about, and holdin' my tongue till,"—

This time Laurie interrupted gently. "Oh, Patrick, was that it, but you see Jack is my pal and brother, and he bet me that I couldn't give six months in a place without being proposed to,—and, and he's won."

With this confession it was necessary for the right arm to know what the left one was doing.

"Oh, Patrick," came a happy, smothered voice from the corner of his shoulder, "you won't have to be scolded tonight for driving through this town at more than fifteen miles an hour."

INTER-RACIAL EXHIBIT

(Continued from Page 1, col. 2)

Irish what the Italian can do, etc. "All races give, all races come and enjoy, all for greater New London"—this is the slogan of the exhibit. Mrs. Sidney A. Miner of New London is the chairman of the committee which is making the exhibit possible. Miss Sherer, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Wessel and Miss Snevely are active members of this committee. Many of the college girls taking Americanization are devoting time to collecting valuable specimens of the handicraft of the foreigners.

The exhibition comes on the two hundred and seventy-fourth birthday of New London and this particular time has been chosen for the exhibit as it seems an adequate means of celebrating New London's birthday. It is hoped that it will contribute to the cultural growth of the city and that many Americans will avail themselves of the privilege of learning about other countries and about their own fellow townsmen which it affords.

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE ELEVATOR STRIKE

Seventeen thousand members of the Elevators' Union went on strike on Friday, April 16th. An organizer of the American Federation of Labor asked the men not to strike at once, but to arrange for a meeting with their employers. The men refused to do this, and called a strike which affects men in municipal buildings and all the skyscrapers.

The strikers said that they demanded only a living wage and that they went on strike to better their condition.

THE HUNGER STRIKE IN IRELAND

A hunger strike occurred last week among Irish political prisoners in Dublin. An attempt at negotiations was made, but the prisoners refused the terms "on the ground that it was a re-application of the 'cat and mouse' policy." Lord French was then appealed to personally, by the Lord Mayor of Dublin. The result was the release without condition, of the sixty-eight hunger strikers, and the calling off of a general strike ordered by the trade unions of Dublin.

The order for the release was given by General Sir Nevil Macready, who has been sent to Ireland. He has been instructed to "inaugurate a new policy of conciliation."

THE OVERALL CLUB

Another strike is in progress! This time it originated in the South and is known as the overall "strike." The people have as their object, the wearing of overalls, or old clothes, until the clothing dealers reduce their prices. This strike has spread rapidly and is being taken up by people in all walks of life. "The first wearers of the protest uniform in New York, if they live up to their declaration, will be the members of the Cheese Club, an organization of dramatic writers and editors of theatrical trade papers."

The University of North Carolina has adopted the slogan of "Overalls Over All." The University of South Carolina has also declared themselves to be in favor of overalls, in fact, the Glee Club at that University will discard the evening dress and wear denim on its concert tour.

The movement has quickly spread to New England. Yale Sheffield School has already its "old clothes club." Those arraying themselves in new suits will be regarded as "guilty of a serious breach of social etiquette."

THE RAILROAD STRIKE

An ultimatum has been sent to the railroad strikers by the General Managers' Association which represents all the railroad companies. The strikers have been given forty-eight hours in which to return to work "with inference that discharge or loss of seniority standing would be visited on all who failed to return to work." Although the workers are allowed to return, the companies reserve the right

to dismiss those guilty of violence, or seditious utterances.

Although there is no great change in the strike situation, the "morale of the strikers is being undermined and the brotherhood prestige rehabilitated."

Volunteers on many trains about New York enable the commuters to get to their places of business in the city. The strike still remains secretive—no leaders have been found. The local strike leaders of New York have denied the charge that the trouble is due to I. W. W. agitators, despite the fact that the government policy, which is being worked out is to inform the workers that they have been "duped and that the outlaw strike is engineered by the I. W. W."

Meanwhile a number of arrests have been made in Chicago, charging the strike activity and violation of the Lever and Sherman Acts. Among them John Grumau, a leader of the Chicago Yardmen Association.

SHORTHAND THE OPEN DOOR TO OPPORTUNITY

Shorthand has been the key to business life for women. Without shorthand to give them recognition they might still be knocking in vain at the doors of the downtown offices. Shorthand gave them an opportunity to prove their usefulness to business executives. The romance of the American office girl, with all its lights and shadows, its comedies and tragedies, has been made possible by the spread of shorthand.

The number of women who have used shorthand simply as the entering wedge to higher positions is growing constantly. Naturally alert women with initiative and enthusiasm soon make themselves indispensable to business.

Among naturalists, no name stands higher than that of Luther Burbank, originator of the Burbank potato, and more than twelve hundred stoneless and other new varieties of fruits, and gigantic forms of common flowers. Mr. Burbank's secretary, Miss Minnie Schoenwerk, credits much of her success to the perfect adaptability of Gregg Shorthand to difficult technical work. Her position is one which brings her into contact with some of the very prominent men and women at home and abroad, and is an education in itself.

Miss F. M. Holly, a well-to-do New York manuscript broker, got her opportunity when a stenographer for a large publishing house, her salary the munificent sum of \$10 a week. One day she was handed a manuscript and asked to give her opinion of it. She said it had some of the merits of a "best seller." That book was "Janice Meredith." She became the company's manuscript expert, and later went into business on her account.

Miss Zelda Sears, who made thousands of people laugh with her realism

(Continued on Page 4, col. 3)

ENGAGEMENTS ANNOUNCED

The engagement of the following Connecticut College girls have been recently announced.

Margaret Pease, '21 of Port Chester, N. Y., to George E. Loder of New York City. Mr. Loder is a graduate of Columbia, and is now President of the National Process Company, New York.

Doris Patterson, '21 of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Ross H. Boas of Harrisburg, Pa. Mr. Boas who was a captain in Co. B, First U. S. Engineers, received the distinguished service cross and Croix de Guerre at Soissons.

Eleanor Whitten, '23 of Holyoke, Mass., to James T. Cronk of Roxbury, N. Y. Mr. Cronk is a graduate of New York University '18, and is now in business in Holyoke.

Dorothy Dean, '23 of Montvale, N. J., to Dr. Harold Gardenier of Westwood, N. J. Dr. Gardenier is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania '16.

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NEWS FROM OTHER COLLEGES

Radcliffe—In the straw vote taken on Monday at Radcliffe the students proved themselves to be unquestionably in favor of Hoover. He received over three-fourths of all the votes cast, and he was the leading candidate on all three tickets the Republican, the Democratic, and the Non-partisan. On the Republican ticket, he received over twice as many votes as his closest rival, General Wood. Wood received about one-fifth as many as Hoover, and was the only other candidate who made a respectable showing.

Wellesley—Wellesley is working upon a new dramatic plan which aims to have Dramatics as a major organization; the purpose of this is to centralize all the dramatic activities.

On Saturday, April 3, the Intercollegiate Basketball games (for the benefit of the Smith College Endowment Fund) were held in the Radcliffe gymnasium. Holyoke and Vassar opposed each other while Radcliffe and Smith played each other. Vassar won from Holyoke with a score of 65 to 3. In the Smith-Radcliffe game the score was 25-16 in Smith's favor.

Yale—For the first time in Yale's history students may now be admitted without Latin, while John S. Hopkins requires it only for admission to the Medical School.

To The College:

Radcliffe—The following editorial taken from the Radcliffe paper of April 16 shows that they have problems similar to ours and may be of interest to our students.

"Nomination Petitions for the annual all-college elections have been posted, and the elections will take place shortly after we return from spring vacation. Naturally the candidates to these offices merit our serious consideration, because they will determine largely how the College is to conduct itself next year. Although, in general this is admitted, there is an envious reluctance to participate in any open discussion. People do, it is true, gather in little groups and discuss the situation, but these groups are composed of intimate friends—people who have the same point of view usually. If an alien spirit approaches the subject of conversation is rapidly changed.

There is nothing indelicate in an open and honest discussion. It is much to be preferred to the underground maneuvering, which we are forced to witness from time to time. If you are convinced of the validity of your opinion, you need not fear to meet the arguments on the other side.

"Last year at this time, the News made a similar plea. A great many people said that the suggestion was all very well in theory, but that girls could never participate in politics on a national basis. We may not have done so in the past, but we must learn to do so in the future. The Suffrage Amendment is all but passed. College elections give a certain amount

of political education which should prove valuable later. If we do not now cultivate rational tendencies in this field, there is no particular reason to suppose that we will develop them later in national politics."

COLLEGE SONG CONTEST

(Continued from Page 1, col. 4)

We'll do our best with untiring zest
And she'll win the victory.

We've lots of "pep" and we're bound
to keep our "rep"

As by our spirit you'll plainly see—
We always win and never will give in,
But resolve to do and be.

Left and right, 'neath the blue and
the white,

We will send our ideals high
'Till every voice shall sing our praise,
And C. C.'s fame shall never die.

Secodn: Words and music by Eleanor
Whitten, '23.

Alma Mater, always the same
To do for you is our endless aim.

Faithful, trusting, be
Alma Mater to thee.

Strive we, college upon the hill,
Alma Mater to do thy will.

Alma Mater, green grows thy lawn.
These are the years of thy glorious
dawn.

Open thy portals wide
Fairlest college, to guide
Others to seek in the halls of fame
Love from our Alma Mater's name.
The third was written by Betty Colladay and Emily Slaymaker.
Tune: "Believe Me of all those Endearing Young Charms."

SHORTHAND THE OPEN DOOR TO OPPORTUNITY

(Continued from Page 3, col. 3)

fic portrayal of the stage mother, and who appeared in the season of 1915-1916 in her own dramatization of Frank Danby's novel "The Heart of a Child," was for several years stenographer to Clyde Fitch. Miss Sears' stage career began with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt but for some time after she had gained recognition in that art she maintained the stenographic bureau which she had instituted in the days when fewer theatrical plums fell to her share.

(To Be Continued)

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